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DARKMAN

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AN ANGEL STALKS THE STREETS

EXTERIOR -- DARKMAN'S CHURCH -- NIGHT.
Dark Habits
WHAT DID I DO?
WHAT DID I DO?
HE MUST HAVE DONE SOMETHING WRONG. OTHERWISE, HIS LIFE WOULD NOT BE SO EMPTY -- AS UGLY AND USELESS AS HIS RUINED FACE.
OTHERWISE HE WOULD NOT HAVE LOST BOTH LOVE AND REVENGE IN A SINGLE STROKE.
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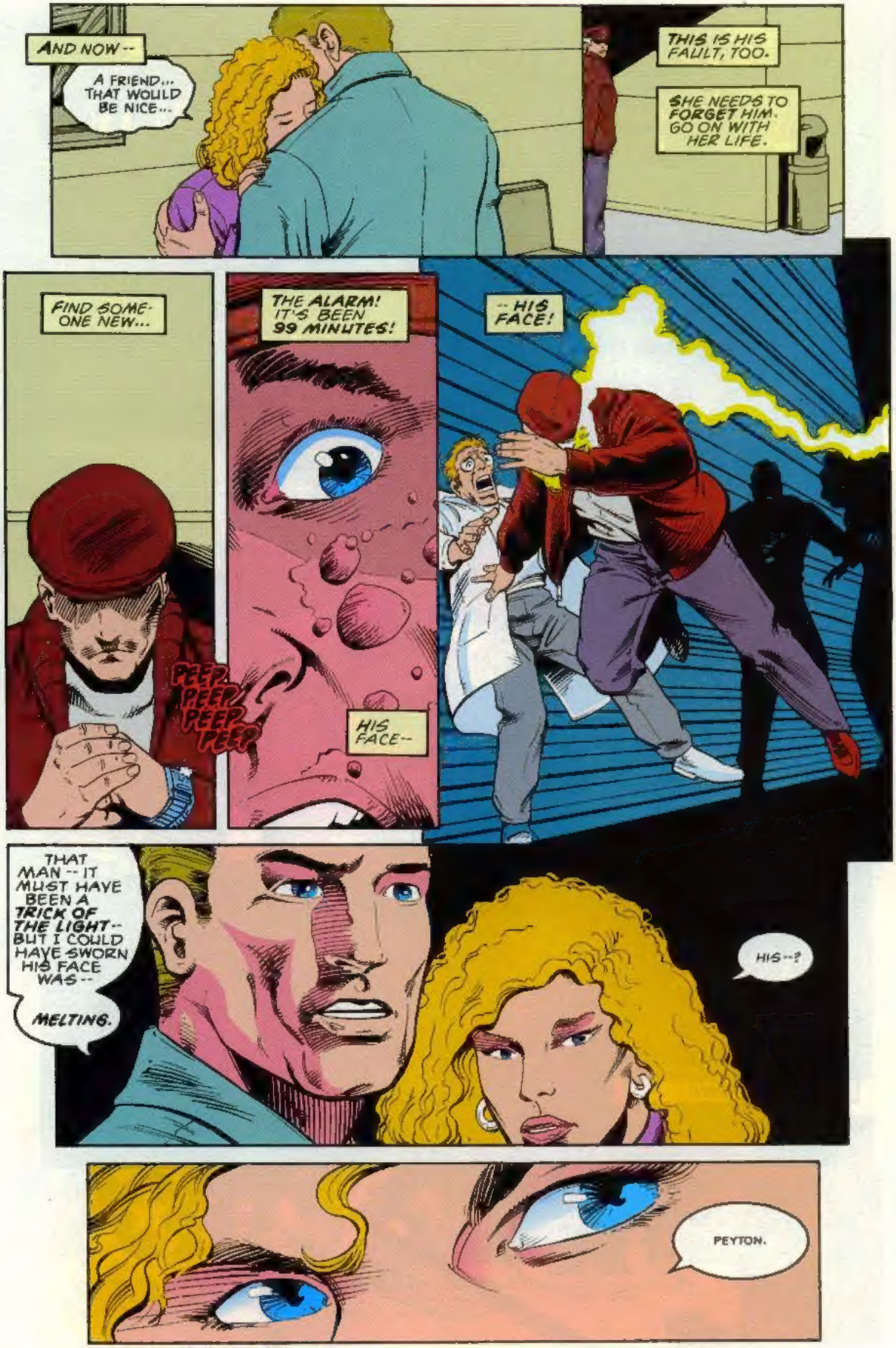
HE LOST JULIE WHEN HE LOST HIS FACE AND HANDS -- LOST HIS LIFE AS PEYTON WEST-LAKE --
-- AND THE MAN WHO STOLE HIS LIFE FROM HIM --
-- ROBERT G. DURANT, IS DEAD --
DEAD AND GONE, FREAK! OUT OF REACH!
OUT OF REACH...
AAAAAA
WHAT?!
FOR A MOMENT, HE THINKS THE SCREAM IS JUST ANOTHER MEMORY -- A MEMORY OF HIS OWN PAIN.
BUT IT'S A WOMAN'S VOICE -- AND IT'S CLOSE--
-- VERY CLOSE!
I D-DIDN'T DO NUTHIN'--
I'M BURNIN'! Oh, PLEASE, MISTER-- COME BACK! I DIDN'T DO NUTHIN' TO YA! I'M BURNIN'!
SOMEBODY-- A-ANYBODY-- PLEASE!
HELP ME!

BURNING ANOTHER HUMAN BEING ALIVE -- AT THE STAKE!
WHO COULD DO SUCH A THING?
HOT RAGE WELLS UP IN HIS THROAT -- BURSTS IN HIS SKULL --
-- AND HE LETS IT COME!
HE NEEDS THE ADRENALINE RUSH IT GIVES HIM.
THE STRENGTH THE COURAGE.
KRASH!
LIE STILL, MA'AM. DON'T TRY TO MOVE.
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT I'LL SMOTHER THE FLAMES WITH MY COAT -- GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL --
AAAAAAAA
ANOTHER ONE..?

GREY BESS! YOU HURT ME!
DON'T YOU HURT ME!
NO -- JUST A WITNESS.
YOU S-STAY AWAY -- YOU MONSTER!
JUST A MAN WHO SEES WHAT HE SEES HIMSELF, EVERY TIME HE LOOKS INTO A MIRROR.
IF HE'S GOING TO TAKE HER TO THE HOSPITAL, HE NEEDS ONE OF HIS FACES. HIS 99 MINUTES OF HUMANITY --
BEFORE THE LIGHT BURNS THROUGH --
-- AND EXPOSES THE MONSTER UNDERNEATH --
H-HE... STUCK ME... WITH PINS!
B-BEAT ME!
HE S-SA'D MY KITTIES WERE... THE DEVIL'S IMPS...
MADE ME... SAY I W-WAS A... WITCH!
EASY, MA'AM. HE'S GONE NOW. HE WON'T --
-- WON'T HURT YOU ANYMORE!
MY... KITTIES...
ARE... KITTIES... ALL RIGHT...
THEY'RE FINE. NOW TRY TO RELAX --
-- I'M TAKING YOU TO A HOSPITAL. YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.
THE MURNAU-SPRANG MEDICAL CENTER.
ANOTHER ONE.

THIRD ONE THIS WEEK. FOURTEENTH IN ALL. THIS ONE'S ALIVE --
--BUT SHE AIN'T GONNA MAKE IT. SHE'S BURNED TOO BAD.
ANY PERSONAL INFO?
SORRY, KELSO. GUY JUST DROPPED HER OFF IN EMERGENCY AND BREEZED.
I CALLED YOU AS SOON AS I SAW THE BURNS.
WELL, AT LEAST SOMEBODY CARED.
IT'S NOT LIKE THE FORCE IS GONNA DO ANYTHING. I'LL FILE MY REPORT AND THAT'LL BE IT.
THE BRASS HAVE THIS CASE FLAGGED. "ALL ACTION RESERVED FOR SPECIAL INVESTIGATION." EXCEPT THERE AIN'T NO SPECIAL INVESTIGATION.
THEY JUST DON'T CARE. THEY WANT US UP IN THE CRANSTON DISTRICT, WHERE THE MONEY CAN SEE US --
--AND DOWN HERE JUST GETS JACK!
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, KELSO. YOU GOT TO GO WITH THE FLOW IN THIS TOWN...
...OR YOU DROWN!
I KNOW, ROSE. BUT I HATE IT. I BECAME A COP TO HELP PEOPLE--
--SO HOW COME ALL I GET TO DO IS WATCH 'EM GET SUCKED UNDER!
DARKMAN HEARS THE FRUSTRATION IN KELSO'S VOICE AND REMEMBERS A TIME WHEN HE FELT THE SAME WAY.
BACK WHEN HE WAS A SCIENTIST. WHEN HE COULD HELP.
BUT WHAT CAN HE DO NOW--?
WHAT CAN A--
JULIE--?!
ADMIN. DR D. COE

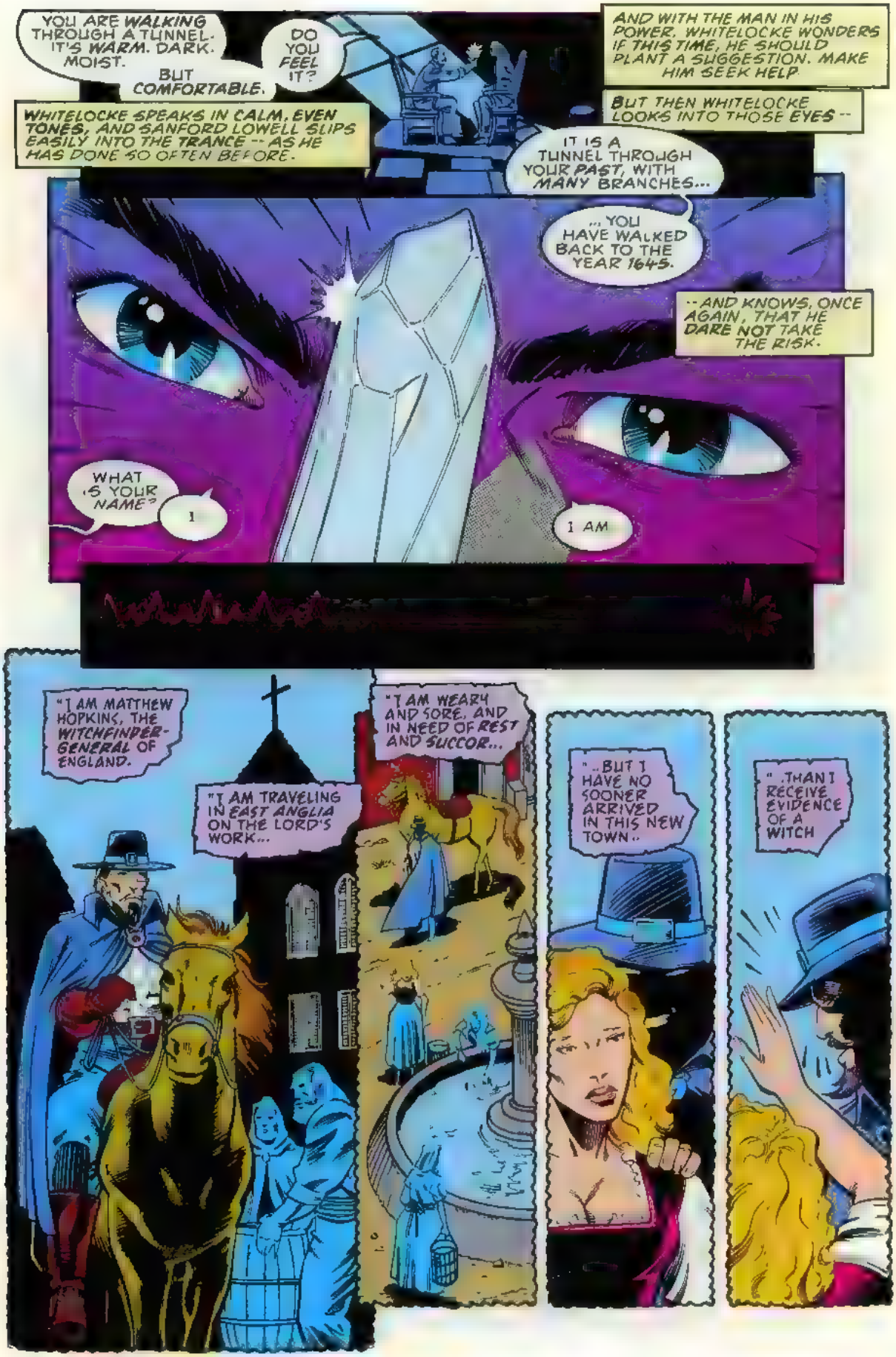
JULIE!
Oh... Uh -- MORNING, DOCTOR COE.
I'VE, UH... GOT THESE DEPOSITIONS TO --
HOLD IT A SEC. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
WELL, UH, THE FILES --
LOOK, JULIE, I KNOW YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME. I'M NOT STUPID. AND THE LAST THING I WANT TO DO IS ADD TO YOUR PROBLEMS.
IT'S OBVIOUS THAT SOMETHING'S TEARING YOU UP INSIDE. IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS, I KNOW...
... BUT I JUST WANT TO SAY, IF YOU NEED A FRIEND -- SOMEONE TO TALK TO --
-- I'D LIKE TO HELP.
SHE LOOKS SO DRAWN -- SO THIN!
AND THOSE BAGS UNDER HER EYES --!
SHE USED TO BE SO FULL OF LIFE. ENERGETIC -- CHEERFUL --
YOU'VE OGLED YOUR LAST PARAMECIUM FOR TODAY, WESTLAKE! SHUT THAT THING OFF --
-- AND OGLE ME FOR A WHILE!
THEY WERE SO HAPPY TOGETHER.


AND NOW --
A FRIEND... THAT WOULD BE NICE...
THIS IS HIS FAULT, TOO.
SHE NEEDS TO FORGET HIM. GO ON WITH HER LIFE.
FIND SOME-ONE NEW...
THE ALARM! IT'S BEEN 99 MINUTES!
PEEP PEEP PEEP PEEP
HIS FACE--
-- HIS FACE!
THAT MAN -- IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TRICK OF THE LIGHT -- BUT I COULD HAVE SWORN HIS FACE WAS --
MELTING.
HIS --?
PEYTON.

THE SICKLY-SWEET SMELL OF BURNED FLESH AND SMOKE STILL HANGS OVER THE CEMETERY.
AND THE CATS WAIT FOR GREY BESS TO COME BACK.
BUT SHE'S NOT COMING BACK.
I'M SORRY, CAT. NO DINNER TONIGHT. YOU'RE AN ORPHAN NOW.
ALL ALONE.
JUST LIKE ME.
HSSSSSS
IS THAT HOW IT IS, CAT? GOT TO TREAT EVERYONE LIKE AN ENEMY, BECAUSE SOONER OR LATER YOU'LL BE RIGHT?
THAT'S HOW IT IS, ALL RIGHT.
MANIACS WHO BURN BAG LADIES. POLICE WHO CAN'T HELP.
LAWYERS WITH HURT BLUE EYES.
GOT TO WATCH YOURSELF IN THIS TOWN.
THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.
I'VE HAD THIS IN MOTION FOR MONTHS SANFORD.

--REZONING THE RIVERBANK SOUTH OF THE CITY SO I CAN SELL THE LAND I HOLD THERE TO CARNICA FOR HIS LUXURY APARTMENTS --
--AND NOW ONE OF YOUR CRONIES TELLS ME I CAN'T DO IT?!
NOT THE RIGHT TIME, CLAUDE. THERE ARE A LOT OF SQUATTERS IN THAT AREA -- HOMELESS, I BELIEVE THE CORRECT TERM IS THESE DAYS.
OUSTING THEM, WELL -- WITH ALL THESE DEATHS, THE SITUATION WITH THEM IS TICKLISH. THE CITY DOESN'T NEED THE ADDITIONAL UNREST.
I'M SURE YOU UNDER-STAND.
I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE COSTING ME SEVENTY-FIVE MILLION.
WE BOTH KNOW WHY THOSE BUMS ARE DYING. AND WE BOTH KNOW YOU COULD STOP IT. AND NOT BECAUSE YOU'RE POLICE COMMISSIONER.
THAT'S ENOUGH.
WE DO THINGS DEMOCRATICALLY HERE, BELLASARIOUS. I DON'T HAVE MY POLICEMEN HARASS MEMBERS I DIS-AGREE WITH --
SPANNG
IF THAT'S A THREAT, LOWELL...
--AND YOU DON'T GO OFF HALF-COCKED WITH SOME PLAN THE MEMBERSHIP HASN'T AGREED TO.
AND AS LONG AS I'VE GOT THE VOTES AND YOU DON'T --
--THINGS ARE GOING TO BE DONE MY WAY.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, IT'S TIME FOR MY "STRESS THERAPY."
CLAUDE BELLASARIOUS LOOKS OUT INTO THE GATHERING GLOOM, HIS MOUTH A THIN LINE, HIS EYES COLD AND HARD.
EVERY DAY, LOWELL GETS WORSE. ARROGANT. INSULTING. FORGETFUL OF JUST WHO PUT HIM WHERE HE IS TODAY.
TREAD CAREFULLY, LOWELL. IF YOU REMEMBER HOW...

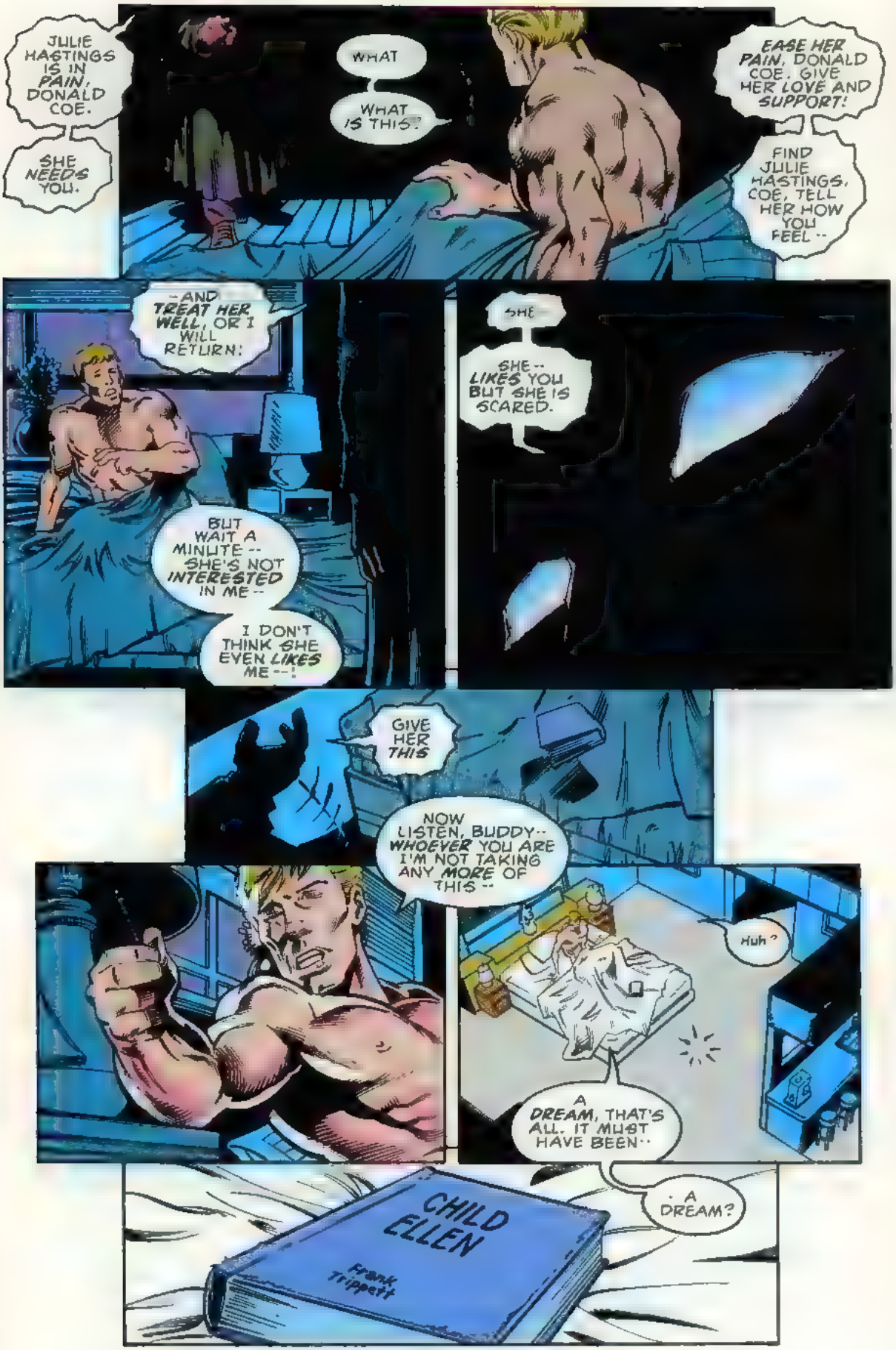
SOON
HYPNOSIS
YOUR PAST LIVES
HERMETIC IDEAS
CRYSTALS & PYRAMIDS
TING TLING!
CLOSING TIME, MY JOURNEYING FRIEND-- EVEN THE EYE IN THE PYRAMID MUST SHUT FROM TIME TO TIME.
SO, UNLESS YOU ALREADY KNOW WHAT YOU SEEK--?
OH, I KNOW WHAT I SEEK, ALL RIGHT...
UH! MR. L'
I W WISH I COULD FIT YOU IN TONIGHT, BUT I'VE -- I'VE GOT MY FORTEAN SOCIETY MEETING'
UH, VERY URGENT-- NEW MOTH-MAN EVIDENCE!
POTENTIALLY EARTH-SHAKING!
I UNDERSTAND, WHITELOCKE. YOU LOOK FORWARD TO SOMETHING ALL DAY, AND YOU CAN'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU FROM IT.
I'M LIKE THAT MYSELF. FOR INSTANCE, I'VE GOT MY HEART SET ON HAVING A SESSION TONIGHT--
--AND I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO INSIST.
UH, YES, SIR...
OPEN PLEASE - COME IN!
OF COURSE, SIR.
SORRY - CLOSED... COME BACK AGAIN!


YOU ARE WALKING THROUGH A TUNNEL. IT'S WARM. DARK. MOIST.
BUT COMFORTABLE.
DO YOU FEEL IT?
WHITELOCKE SPEAKS IN CALM, EVEN TONES, AND SANFORD LOWELL SLIPS EASILY INTO THE TRANCE -- AS HE HAS DONE SO OFTEN BEFORE.
AND WITH THE MAN IN HIS POWER, WHITELOCKE WONDERS IF THIS TIME, HE SHOULD PLANT A SUGGESTION. MAKE HIM SEEK HELP.
BUT THEN WHITELOCKE LOOKS INTO THOSE EYES --
IT IS A TUNNEL THROUGH YOUR PAST, WITH MANY BRANCHES...
... YOU HAVE WALKED BACK TO THE YEAR 1645.
-- AND KNOWS, ONCE AGAIN, THAT HE DARE NOT TAKE THE RISK.
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
I
I AM
"I AM MATTHEW HOPKINS, THE WITCHFINDER-GENERAL OF ENGLAND.
"I AM TRAVELING IN EAST ANGLIA ON THE LORD'S WORK...
"I AM WEARY AND SORE, AND IN NEED OF REST AND SUCCOR...
"...BUT I HAVE NO SOONER ARRIVED IN THIS NEW TOWN..
"...THAN I RECEIVE EVIDENCE OF A WITCH

"IT IS AN EXACTING THING, TO INTERROGATE A WITCH PROPERLY.
SHE MUST BE STRIPPED AND BOUND, EXAMINED FOR WITCH MARKS AND KEPT FROM MEAT OR SLEEP, OR HER IMPS WILL SURELY GIVE HER STRENGTH TO RESIST.
BUT IF THE INTERROGATION IS DONE PROPERLY...
" SHE WILL CONFESS AND RECANT HER SINS BEFORE THE LORD.
"THEN SHE MUST BE DESTROYED BY FIRE. BEFORE SHE IS FALLEN INTO INIQUITY ONCE MORE, AND HER SOUL LOST TO HEAVEN.
"IT IS A HOLY MISSION I AM EMBARKED ON. BUT STILL MUST I HAVE FEE AND ALLOWANCE FOR MY PAINS.
"...AND OFTEN, MY WORK DONE, THE TOWN MAGISTRATES RESIST MAKING PROPER RESTITUTION.
"WHO AM I, THEY SAY, TO MAKE DEMAND OF THEM - WHEN THEY DID NOT ENGAGE MY SERVICES?
"WHO ARE THEY, I ANSWER TO STAND IN THE WAY OF HOLY WORK? HAS MY INVESTIGATION INTO EVIL BEEN A THOROUGH ONE IN THIS TOWN. I ASK...
"...OR IS THERE YET AUGHT FOR A WITCHFINDER TO UNCOVER?
"THAT IS GENERALLY ENOUGH TO SHOW THEM THE CORRECT PATH.

"THEY DO NOT WELCOME ME, AS I TRAVEL ON MY MISSION..
"I AM THE SWORD OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.
"I AM THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.
"... BUT THEY NEED ME. OH, YES. THEY NEED ME.
"I DO THE LORD'S WORK."
I—
I
WHO ARE YOU, SIR -- WITH THIS GLITTERING STONE THAT SMACKS OF SORCERY?
BE YOU SERVANT OF THE DEVIL?
AH, N NO, SIR. I, UH, SERVE THE LORD.
-- USING MY HUMBLE SKILLS TO BRING YOU TO THIS WORLD THAT'S SO IN NEED OF YOU!
AH, YES, I DO REMEMBER THIS PLACE NOW...
AND IT NEEDS ME MOST SORELY...

TAD WHITELOCKE THINKS AGAIN OF THE STORIES HE'S READ IN THE NEWSPAPERS.
ABOUT THE MUTILATED BODIES. THE BURNINGS
AND, ONCE AGAIN, TAD WHITELOCKE TRIES TO SAY SOME-THING--ANYTHING--
- AND ONCE AGAIN --
- HE FAILS.
ATTEND MY RETURN MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT!
THE EVIL DENIZENS OF THIS FOUL SODOM WOULD BE WISE TO TREMBLE IN FEAR - FOR THIS NIGHT THEY FACE THE STEEL OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN--
--THIS NIGHT THEY FACE A WITCHFINDER!
THE RENFIELD ARMS APARTMENTS.
DONALD COE PUT IN AN ELEVEN-HOUR SHIFT IN SURGERY TODAY, AND DIDN'T GET HOME UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT.
HE FEELS LIKE HE COULD SLEEP FOR DAYS.
DONALD COE...
Hmmmm"
DONALD COE!
WHAT--?!
WHU-- WHO'S THERE?!


JULIE HASTINGS IS IN PAIN, DONALD COE.
SHE NEEDS YOU.
WHAT
WHAT IS THIS?
EASE HER PAIN, DONALD COE. GIVE HER LOVE AND SUPPORT!
FIND JULIE HASTINGS, COE, TELL HER HOW YOU FEEL --
--AND TREAT HER WELL, OR I WILL RETURN!
BUT WAIT A MINUTE -- SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN ME --
I DON'T THINK SHE EVEN LIKES ME --!
SHE
SHE -- LIKES YOU BUT SHE IS SCARED.
GIVE HER THIS
NOW LISTEN, BUDDY-- WHOEVER YOU ARE I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE OF THIS --
Huh?
A DREAM, THAT'S ALL. IT MUST HAVE BEEN--
A DREAM?
CHILD ELLEN
Frank Trippett

THAT WAS NOT SMART DARKMAN KNOWS.
BUT THAT IS HIS LIFE NOW TO ACT ON HIS EMOTIONS, AND ONLY AFTERWARDS REALIZE HE'S MADE A GHASTLY MISTAKE.
AND WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO DO?
HE WANTS JULIE TO BE HAPPY--
AND THERE IS NO HAPPINESS IN HIS NEW LIFE
ONLY LONELINESS
--AND PHANTOMS--
OUT OF HIS REACH--
DURANT!
DURANT!
OUT OF HIS REACH--
--OUT OF--
KTINK
HOLD, SIR!
YOU AND I WE HAVE MATTERS TO DISCUSS!

I KNEW IF I ENSCONCED MYSELF IN THE SHADOWS OF THIS BROKEN, DESECRATED CHURCH, YOU WOULD SURELY RETURN TO IT!
YOUR FOUL KIND IS MOST PREDICTABLE.
WHACK
MY KIND?
CEASE YOUR STRUGGLING! I AM A WITCHFINDER -- THE COILS OF MY WHIP HAVE BEEN SOAKED IN HOLY WATER!
NO INFERNAL CREATURE CAN BREAK OF ITS HOLD!
WITCH FINDER? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
WHO ARE YOU?
NOW, SIR - DO NOT THINK TO PLAY THE INNOCENT.
CREATURE INFERNAL I KNOW YOU TO BE --
FOR DID I NOT SEE YOU LEAP THROUGH FIRE TO SAVE A CONDEMNED WITCH THIS ONE NIGHT PAST!
WHAT SURER SIGN OF TRAFFIC WITH SATAN CAN THERE BE?
WHAT?!
HE BURNED THE BAG LADY?
HE'S THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR -
FIRE
DEATH
PAIN
CATS
FEAR
MURDER
MURDER
MURDER

NO!
I CAN'T GET DURANT, WITCHFINDER! I WANT MY HANDS AROUND HIS THROAT -- BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE ONE ANYMORE!
REVENGE -- OUT OF MY REACH! LOVE -- OUT OF MY REACH!
BUT YOU -- YOU I CAN REACH.
AND YOU HAVE A THROAT!
YOU ARE STRONG, IMP OF SATAN --
--BUT MATTHEW HOPKINS FEARS NO ONE, BE HE MAN OR DEMON!
INSANE, HOPKINS - YOU'RE INSANE!
BUT THEN--
WHAKRAH
--THAT MAKES TWO OF US!

THE... THE STRENGTH OF THE DEVIL INDEED.
BUT WILL YOUR HELL-SPAWNED PROWESS--
--STAND AGAINST COLD STEEL?!
DARKMAN GLANCES AROUND FOR A PIPE-- A TRASH-CAN LID-- ANYTHING HE CAN USE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING.
I THINK NOT.
THERE IS NO PAIN EITHER. PHYSICAL PAIN DIED FOR HIM WHEN HIS SPINAL NERVES WERE SEVERED.
BUT--
THE-- THE-- BLADE...
...DRUGGED...
--DRUGGED--
--DRUH--
THERE'S A CLICK IN HIS BRAIN AND SOMEBODY TURNS THE WORLD OFF.

WHEN IT COMES BACK ON...
HI, BUBBA!
HOW'S LIFE? HANDSOME YOUNG GUY -- GREAT FUTURE AHEAD OF YOU, RIGHT?
UH... WHERE...
YOU'RE PEYTON WESTLAKE, RIGHT? THE MEGA-SCIENTIST? THAT WOULD MAKE THIS SLICK TRICK THE LOVELY JULIE HASTINGS!
NICE COUPLE. GETTIN' MARRIED?
KNOW WHY I ASKED "HOW'S LIFE?" 'CAUSE I'M DEAD!
BALLOON FOR THE LADY? NICE RED ONE?
UH...
OOPS! FUNNY HOW EASY IT IS TO LOSE THINGS, ISN'T IT? OH, WELL...
WANT TO KNOW WHO I REALLY AM, BUBBA? Huh?
UM... I GUESS SO...
I'M ROBERT DURANT!
AND YOU'RE A FAKE! YOU'RE NO HANDSOME YOUNG GUY -- YOU'RE A HIDEOUS FREAK!
EEEEEEE
JULIE -- WAIT--
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO MEEEE
NO -- DON'T GO--

WHAT HAVE YOU --
DON'T LIKE IT, Huh, BUBBA?
NOT SO MUCH FUN ANYMORE, IS IT? LIFE, I MEAN
WELL, GET USED TO IT! THIS IS THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE UNTIL YOU DIE!
AND YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE, BUBBA?
I'M NOT REALLY DEAD!
OR MAYBE I AM.
WHO KNOWS?
NO -- NOT YOU TOO --
COME BACK...
THERE'S ANOTHER CLICK.
THE CHANNEL CHANGES.
THAT WASN'T REALITY, HE THINKS. THAT WAS JUST A COMMERCIAL.
HARD TO TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REALITY AND A PSYCHOTIC NIGHTMARE THESE DAYS. EXCEPT FOR ONE THING...
...REALITY SMELLS WORSE.
SO...

--YOU'RE AWAKE!
NEXT:
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY